

An Institute of Comparative Madness

By Peter David Smith

“Report on the Imaginative Narrative Constructions of Iron Age Animal Herdsmen in the Context of Air Force Communications Security”. Reaper drone aircraft compliance to ACP 132. An angel descended and spoke unto the sheep.

The phrase “terminal zone” is indicative of a meta-reality where all of the possible meanings of “terminal zone” become one.

At some levels human activity is always recorded in the changes we make to our surroundings. Ancient people worked in stone and iron and wood and copper and glazed ceramics. Their effort actions left some sort of memory in the matter.

We Had Matter.

All the cool kids were going to the Loope Revil.

Gramophone records store information in the form of shaped grooves, the waveforms of the sound shaping the wax or vinyl.

Magnetic tape uses iron oxide but the principal is the same, patterns created in the iron oxide particles.

CDs are optical media wherein the laser beam records data into the structure of the plastic.

Future tech will encode millions of recordings into the air you breathe. We are not there yet. Our technology is in an early stage.

We are in the asylum zone a few miles south of London. There are many asylums and mental hospitals. Epsom alone has about five and a half and then there are psychiatric hospitals at Belmont and Banstead. On a national basis there are so many that it becomes difficult sometimes to tell

where

the

asylums

end

and

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outside

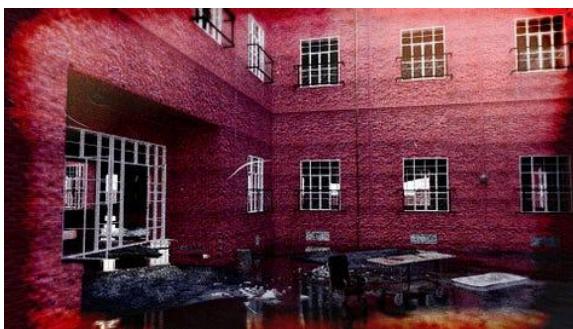
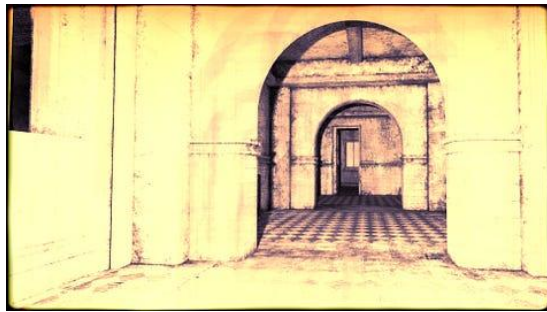
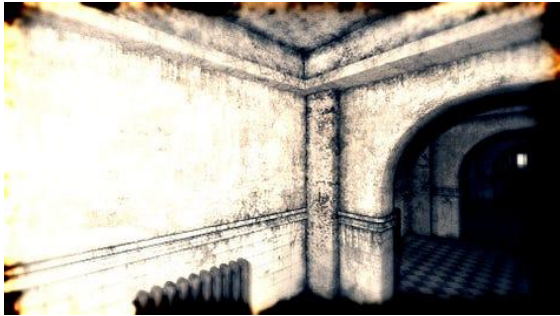
begins.

There is a post-modern inverted termination effect where the door out leads in and the door in leads out. Only in the liminal spaces is it possible to feel sure that we know where we are. It is sometimes nice to feel that sense of certainty when we stand in a corridor or a foyer or a garden conservatory being absolutely sure that we are in no doubt of that which is certainly unsure. When I find myself the triple Goddess comes to me saying “Do you remember that drama about *The Stone Tape*?” Then she usually goes to the recreation room.

Magnetic tape has fallen out of favour these days because most tapes degrade over several decades and the information stored upon them becomes blurry and indistinct.

The recordings of human activities held in the walls of our houses and the ground beneath our feet also has an unfortunate habit of degrading. Conflicting ghost images create strange hybrids. Our whole human world is a multi-layered palimpsest of blurry abstract history. Rituals practiced over and over again make a difference. Things of the past, both good and bad, kindness and cruelty, strong emotions and physical sensations can be held in a place. The fleeting dementia dreams of the Planet Earth's atmosphere crash wildly against the rocks on the moors, knocking on weird doors.

We do not always know what it is we are seeing/feeling or from whence the strange dream comes. We are the coders and decoders of the ages. We should spend as much time as possible studying abstract paintings and sculptures and then go forth to the wild places of the world and to the historic sites. History becomes increasingly abstract and yet, the feeling is still there.



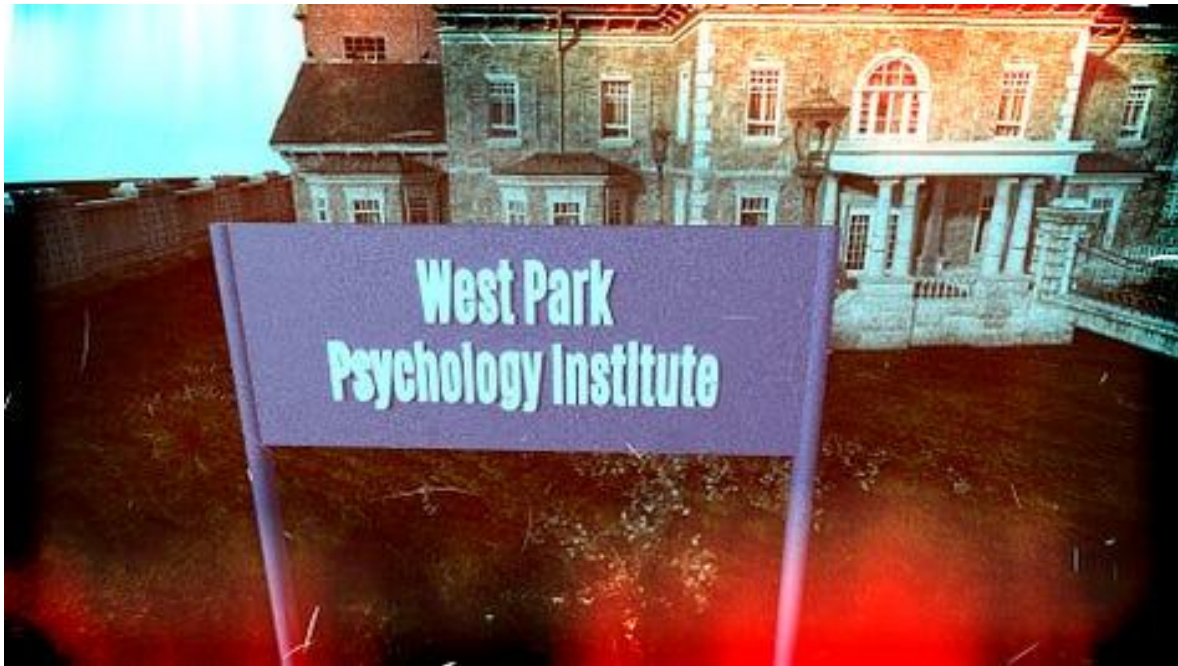


“Oh Hello!” says a wandering ninny in the voice of Charles Hawtrey but dressed as Gene Autry.

Soon it will be teatime again. In the meantime, agents from Langley, Virginia have established a field office in Wonderland. The agents are as American as Ringo Pi.

They’ve been experimenting on us all to make us tell them the truth.





Tell us the truth. Tell us the truth.

Eventually we broke down and told them the truth.

They didn't like it.

And Jehohanan the player of the strings entered the tent of Jamosis the scribe and said to him "I have seen a timewarped Reaper sent loose from its keeper".

This particular Reaper was patrolling the airspace above Wonderland and communicating to ground bases in correct international communications codes, like Acka Bilk and Acapella and Air Coms and Heaps of Air Boys.

Lightning crashes to the ground, the earth rocks the piezo electric thoughts of the dragon thing in the Earth's crust. The air thinks "AHA!" and "OHO!" and the earth shocks the partially remembered stone tape. "Hummadruz!" responded the elemental form of the river dance. Thumpity thump.

We shall do a little dance and prance a little prance, then explain it all to our covert ops aunts.

By the time they'd finished with my dishcloth of a brain they had shredded my memory theatre to the extent that they had to bring in a doctor to sign me out to the special shocking place. There were rows and Rose of me.

Time moves on, except when it doesn't.

While basking in the sea spray I read about the Tuskegee syphilis experiments and the Michael Kristen ultra new knowledge of the airspace defence over the kill zone.

I may have got this a little bit muddled up. It's spreadable on scones. It's incredible in dulcet tones. M. Kristen is a Christian Mmm? Still, he communicates with shamanic voices who say the universe runs from Alpha-Iffa to Omega-ga. M. Kristen is Ultra Individualistic.

What a bright spark. The shapeshifter man.

Damn those evil cookie cutters.

There is a legend to the effect that good old M.K. was around at the Council of Nicaea in 325 A.D. and had some part in the binding of Jupiter and the other Roman Gods by invoking the power of Hecate the Titan. If the legend be true, M.K. and others worked the ritual which summoned the Greco-Judean Christos to appear as The Holy Ghost and take his position as official God of Rome, while helpless Jupiter screamed to be released from the box.

Jupiter, Iuppiter, Iovis, Iob, Job, Jove Jehovah Jah. You can tell by the iconography of the Vatican treasures that the Latinised version of Yahweh/Yehovah was still old Jove or Yove. Those renaissance painters were still thinking of Zeus Jove God in the box and God out of the box. God stages a coup against himself. Crazy Overlord J'overlord. Like two-faced Nightmare. Saint Peter at the pearly gates morphing back into his three-headed dog form. Good dodge. Three stars.

Perhaps 'tis all talk.

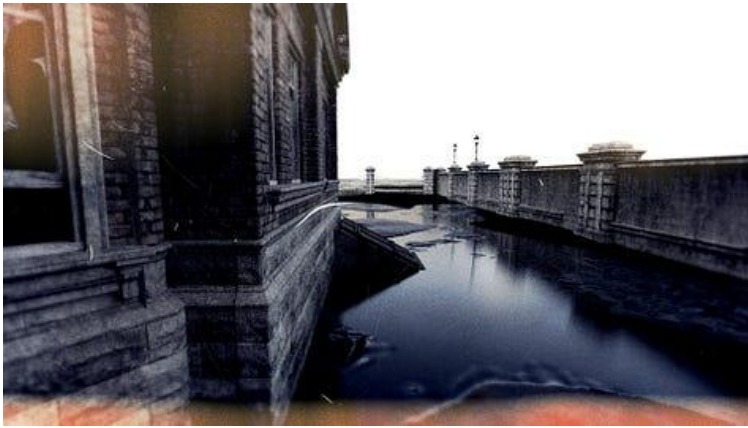
Perhaps C.I.A. 'Nam doesn't spell "maniac" in reverse verse.

What would I know? I am a mere babbling bunny wombat of skiddily-bip bip.

In Eboracum doth the Emperor sing the song of the tides.







The C.I.A. men have informed me that they are the planet police and that there is “something in the air”. Or did they say that they had “something in their hair”? Is it rare? Do I care?

The first Great Spirit owns the sky but another Great Spirit owns the ocean and a third Great Spirit owns the depths of the Earth’s crust, and on downwards, and downwards, and downwards to the core.

The asylum is constructed as an ever-changing maze of morbid corridors leading to wards and ablutions and hydrotherapy units and electrotherapy units and offices and janitorial cupboards and storage areas and stairwells and the occasional pessimistic windows which have very little hope of finding something bleaker than the inside to show us of the outside.

One of many asylums constructed in the 19th Century on the “colony” design, modular units spreading out to adjoining buildings, all in redbrick mansion-like houses with window frames finished with white gloss paint and strong locks. Some of these buildings were actual mansions and some were old workhouses. All had a look about them of what passed for “modern” during the reign of Queen Victoria and yet many of these examples of budding modernity had somehow been gifted with towers and turrets which seemed to insinuate the gothic into the upper stories as if attempting to smuggle The Castle of Otranto into the Scientific Age. A sense of folly twisted into the DNA of these traumatic places.

A fellow inmate tells me that he goes to Heaven and Hell at the same time. He says there is “something about this place” which opens his skull to the experience of heaven and hell simultaneously.

When I asked him what it feels like he told me *“It causes your soul to be turned up to Helleaven, man!”*.

Another inmate tells me that he is a “plumbers’ mate” who is going to “plumb the depths” of the Earth’s Core. He has also heard the intelligence agents talking about “policing the planet’s airspace”. Apparently capitalism and communism are getting pregnant together and the baby is the moon. So he tells me, anyway.

Some of the inmates don’t exist. The doctors encourage them to talk anyway, just the same as real patients. One doctor told me that “being a fictional character” is just another psychiatric condition like any other. He said that if all the people with that particular condition could be treated, the population of the world would more than double.

Once, I personally observed a group of monks inexplicably walking as a group through the corridors of the asylum, chanting “Hey! Hey! Heyea! Nova Gaudea!”

An inmate called Robin also observed the monks. Robin had read too much William S. Burroughs and consequently interpreted the chant as being something to do with Burroughs’ fictional “Nova gang”. On the other hand though, to give Robin fair credit, the CIA men did arrive shortly after the monks and these agents then began to set up strange electronic equipment.

The agents began testing the corridors by sending electronic pulses back and forth at irregular intervals. I asked them what they were trying to do and I received an incomprehensible reply about policing the planet and controlling the “new delights”. An agent told me that it was important to keep the “old lights” and prevent the “new de-lights”. The agent was then cautioned to silence by one of his colleagues.

A doctor named Goodway, which sounds suspiciously like “Benway”, told me that I shouldn’t talk to these agents because they had their job to do. When I asked the doctor about the monks he told me I was “overreacting”. Goodway is probably a dianetics type. He thinks we should all stop having reactions to events in the world and switch to analysis of those events. Pure rational analysis instead of emotional experience. He seems to lump emotion and physical sensation together. He’s not making much sense. Not like me. I have reached the unclear cloud.

I am deliriously happy. The doctor wishes to cure me of that.

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